

The second part of

Host. Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Falst. Didst thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

Falst. No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

Prince I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Falst. No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

Prince Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse Hall.

Poynes No abuse?

Falst. No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince Seenow whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

Poynes Answer thou dead elme, answer.

Falst. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchen, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the weomen.

Falst. For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be damnd for that I know not.

Host

Henry th

Host. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art that, mary there is another indid flesh to be eaten in thy house c
I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. Al vitlars do so, what

Prince You gentlewoman

Dol What saies your grace

Fal. His grace saies that w

Peyto knockes

Host. Who knockes so low there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, w

Peyto The King your fath
And there are twenty weake a
Come from the North, and as
Imet and ouertooke a dozen
Bareheaded, sweating, knocki
And asking euery one for sir I

Prince By heauen Poynes,
Soidely to prophane the preci
When tempest of cominotion
Borne with blacke vapour do
And drop vpon our bare vnat
Giue me my sword and cloke

Fal. Now coms in the swe
must hence and leaue it vnpic
how now, whats the matter?

Bar. You must away to cou
A dozen captaines stay at doo

Fal. Pay the musitions fir
you see my good wenches ho
ter, the vnderferuer may sleep
on, farewell good wenches, i
see you againe ere I goe.